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FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

PENSIVE THOUGHTS.

Here, here, upon this velvet sod,
Where the tall bending grass doth wave,
This solitude unsought, untrod—
Shall be my grave.

And when the parting sun at even,
Shines on the rill that murmurs by,
The cooling breezes gently driven,
Shall sadly sigh.

Here spring shall plant the brightest flowers
That in the golden sunshine wave,
And oft at night refreshing showers,
My tomb shall lave.

Here will I lay me down unseen,
Here calmly lay me down and die;
And cushioned by this moss so green,
Breathe my last sigh.

A name unhonored and unknown—
No mark shall from oblivion save,
No hand shall rear the sculptur'd stone
Above my grave.

CONTRASTED.

Across this grassy mead I'll stray,
When spring her flowery garland twines,
While on the rills the lamp of day
In glory shines.

When arching bowers their shade bestow
Upon the mossy seats beneath,
Where drooping violets round me blow,
And zephyrs breathe.

When balmy fragrance fills the air,
And warblers sing on every tree,
Where earth looks charming bright and fair,
And full of glee.

When all is life, joy, happiness,
Where e'er the gentle zephyr sighs,
When every object tends to bless,
And sorrow flies.

Then here I'll come at pleasure's voice,
Here fondly clasp her in my arms,
Wide nature's range shall be my choice,
So full of charms.
THEOPHILLA.

THE BLIND MAN.

O tell me of valleys, of meads and of mountains,
Of the beautiful sea, and the clear gushing fountains;
Of the lake's tranquil bosom reflecting the sky,
And the charms of the earth as mild spring passes by.
O tell me at morning the sun rises bright,
And the dew on the flowers are gems to its light;
O tell me at evening the sun sets again,
And darkness o'ercanopies, mountain and plain.
How darkly the mist hovers over my eyes,
And I see not the mountains—I see not the skies!
The beauty of Heaven is lost to my gaze,
And darkness unyielding, earth only displays.
O then tell me no more of meads and of mountains,
Of the beautiful sea, and the clear gushing fountains;
Of the lake's tranquil bosom reflecting the sky,
And the charms of the earth as mild spring passes by.
CLARA.

FROM THE MAGNOLIA, FOR 1837.

MARIE JEANNE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

Chapter I.

One pleasant morning about sixty years ago, while the good people of Paris were busily commencing their daily avocations, the eyes of those living in the neighborhood of the Tuilleries were attracted by a magnificent train of horsemen and carriages advancing towards the palace from the direction of the *Bois de Bologne*. The splendor and importance of the cortege at once announced [illegible] of royalty to its stately abode. The interruption, however, seemed to cause little surprise, and less pleasure; for, at this period, the corruption of the court had nearly reached its height; the slow [illegible] of deadly hate had long been making its subterranean way through the central realms of the social body, and the gayest and loveliest circles of wealth, rank and fashion, led their giddy round upon the bosom of a volcano.

The populace, ever ready to shout at that which [illegible], received the royal procession with acclamations; and, bowing to his subjects with graceful condescensions, Louis XV. and his youthful grandson (afterwards Louis XVI.) reached the lofty arch and entered the palace. A tall, young boy, who had been forced too near by the crowd, was ordered back, and one of the soldiers struck him sternly with the flat of his drawn sword. The insult, though it could not be resented, was evidently felt, and the youth clenched his fist maliciously at the man, and followed him with a flashing look, and a shout of defiance.

A miscellaneous group, accidentally flung together by the pressure of the multitude, observed the incident with murmurs of disapprobation, and expressed their sympathy for the boy by echoing his wrathful cry against the guard.

"*Sainte Vierge!*" exclaimed one, "the knave uses his blade as if we were *moutons!*"

"I would have cleft him to the chine, had he so laid his hand on me!" cried another.

"*Diable!* Frenchmen are no longer better than [illegible]!" muttered a third.

"Were *I* the child, I would have justice if I went to the throne itself!" said a fourth.

"The throne!" echoed one, and there was a general laugh.

"By our lady! a pretty place to seek justice!"

"He had better ask it of the Duc de Richelieu!" said another, sarcastically.

"Or his fair daughter, the Comtesse d'Egmont!" said a third.

A score of *sacres* followed the utterance of the name. The lady mentioned was one of those who, in the disguise of beautiful and fascinating women, who contributed so largely, by their debaucheries and oppressions, toward the downfall of monarchy. She had been recently detected in an intrigue, carried on *incognito*, with a shopman; and the man's accidentally discovering her real rank, he was suddenly arrested, and plunged into a [illegible]house, where only an accident saved him, from eternal imprisonment, or a violent death. It may be well believed that, at this period there existed little affection between the people of France, and their indolent and voluptuous sovereign.

Among those who lingered a few moments, first to behold the splendor of the royal cortege and then the termination of the fracas between the boy and the soldier, and the consequent irritation of the populace, was a young girl of about sixteen, neatly and plainly dressed, and carrying, under her arm, a small bundle. The entire moral depravity of a royal court, had not been without its effects upon the people at large. In the circle of the royal palace homage was offered but to the divinity of love, and in the common streets of the gay and giddy metropolis, a form so striking as that of the pretty grisette, could not escape attention. From her attire she might have been the girl of some fashionable [illegible], or *modiste*; and it was of a kind to set off a round and graceful figure to the utmost advantage; but her air and walk were charming enough for a dutchess. Nothing could be more neat than her foot and ankle, slily displayed beneath her coquettish dress; and her face, so far from disappointing the expectations raised by the graceful attractions of her person, rather surpassed and surprised it. In short, she was pronounced at once the prettiest girl in Paris; and that then, as it is now, was saying a great deal.

As she proceeded across the street, with her eyes modestly drooping to the ground, and her warm, rosy face, half-betraying a consciousness of the general admiration, many young men murmured gallant expressions of homage:—"*jolie!*"—"*enchanteresse!*"—"*charmante!*"—escaped from divers lips, and more than one idler, as if unconsciously or irresistibly attracted by the loveliness of the youthful Hebe, turned his course in the direction of her.

"*Bon jour! ma belle!*" whispered one with a [illegible] face, "May I make your friendship?"

There was no reply to this disinterested proposal. A few moments after, another, a handsome and gaily dressed chevalier, addressed her, "Angel! your name?"

"Marie Jeanne, Monsieur."

"Ah, you are not a Parisienne, by your accent?"

"No, Monsieur."

"And, if not from Heaven, Mademoiselle, what part of France gave you birth?"

"Vaucouleurs, Monsieur."

"A stranger in Paris?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Married?"

"No Monsieur."

"Parents?"

"A mother, Monsieur."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"No, Monsieur."

"*Quelle grace! mignonne! et mademoiselle, ou demeure t elle?*"

The charming brunette, with a grace possessed by nothing under heaven but a young French girl, or a swan, lifted her eyes to the handsome Monsieur's. She was positively dazzling. Never had he beheld a countenance so radiantly beautiful.—Her features were perfect even to repose, but with every word and thought some new grace appeared. Her smile was death; her glances were as fatal, could you have escaped her smile; and withal, she had teeth of snow, and a voice, which, even without any personal attractions would have made you her slave in a minute.

"Marie Jeanne," said the stranger, now really enchanted, "sweet Marie Jeanne, I love you!"

What reply Marie Jeanne would have vouchsafed to this truly French declaration, it is not easy to determine; but at this moment her eyes happening to turn from her enamored companion, fell on another, the sight of whom appeared suddenly to change her determination. Throwing upon her adorer a cool look of surprise and displeasure, she remarked:

"Monsieur, I do not understand you. *Allez vous en! Bon jour, Monsieur!*"

Notwithstanding a certain saucy archness, there was yet a sincerity in her air and tone not to be mistaken or resisted. She glided on her way. Monsieur stood rivetted to the spot, struck with a variety of emotions, in which astonishment and mortification were largely mingled. At length with a '*sacre*' rolling deeply from his tongue, and that delicious "*bon jour, Monsieur,*" ringing in his ears like a dream, he twirled his mustaches, tapped his leg with a small *baton*, hummed a lively air, and resumed the original course of his promenade.

Chapter II.

The individual who had attracted the attention of Marie Jeanne, was leaning against the marble balcony which surrounded the bronze equestrian statue, at that time just erected in the *Place Louis Quinze*, in honor of the reigning Monarch. Whether it was that the stranger achieved the abrupt dismissal of his rival by a secret sign, or whether the more obvious attention of one palpably superior in beauty and bearing to all she had ever seen, induced the capricious coquette to afford him an opportunity of making her acquaintance, I shall not inquire; but certain it is that, when the first Monsieur had departed, she very quietly proceeded in a direction that led her within a few yards of the other. He was apparently a young noble, by the elegance of his person, and his air *distingue*.—Tall and graceful, his large black eyes were full of thought and fire; and yet there was something sombre and mysterious in his expression. Neither did the tasteful simplicity of his dress escape the eye of Marie Jeanne. His coat of sky-blue silk had a narrow edging of gold, and his straw colored waistcoat was embroidered with silver. The hat, coat, sword, buckles and shoes, still farther bespoke the gentleman and man of rank and fashion. He might have been a Count, or a Duke. He might have been a Prince or even a King. Several youths of the royal family were reputedly fond of adventure, and gifted with temperaments not adverse from the smiles of beauty. The young Monarch was now on a visit to Paris. It was impossible, indeed, to surmise who the stranger might *not* be—some one distinguished, evidently.

As the fair *soubrette* passed the place, whence he had made her so profoundly the object of his gaze, he unfolded his arms and followed.

"So, so!" I have turned off Monsieur just in time!" said Marie Jeanne to herself, as she lowered her eyes once more modestly to the ground, and pursued her way without looking back.

Marie Jeanne walked on. She passed from the Place Louis XV. up the *Rue Royalle*, where the workmen were commencing excavations for the buildings which, at present, occupy that spot, and which were, soon after, the scene of such memorable events. She even reached the extremity of the street, and turned towards the *Boulevard des Italiens*, without looking back, or losing the studied and demure propriety of her behaviour. Still no step approached. No voice whispered the sweet words, "*charmante!*" "*enchantresse!*" which she loved so much to hear. Some one passed. Her heart beat. He was a Jesuit Priest. Another.—Pshaw! only M. de Voltaire. He had been pointed out to her the day before as a great curiosity—a withered old man of sixty. It was not M. de Voltaire that Marie Jeanne wanted. Could it be possible that the handsome stranger had given up the pursuit? At length, impatient and half angry, she hastily turned her head. The object of her thoughts was just behind her. She stooped to arrange her shoe-buckle, and, in order to do so, exposed her pretty foot. The stranger stopped also. She walked on again with a more rapid pace. He did the same. She paused once more to arrange the kerchief about her bosom. He also paused.

"*Ciel,*" thought Marie Jeanne. "How very extraordinary! is the man mad!"

At length, with her mysterious pursuer, always about the same distance from her, she found herself, by a circuitous route, again in front of the Tuileries, and supposing that timidity, or, perhaps, the fear of observation, prevented him from addressing her, she turned into the splendid garden, and gliding by statue and fountain, lost herself amid the black shadows of the close and winding walks.

"*Allons, nous verrons!*" said Marie Jeanne.

She had scarcely uttered the words, when the stranger appeared through the thick foliage, and stood by her face to face. Marie Jeanne actually blushed; but she recovered herself immediately, and with an air of offended dignity, "Monsieur," she said, "what do you seek? I have done you no harm. Why do you follow me thus?"

She seemed very indignant; but her indignation only made her more lovely.

The unknown looked at her a moment with his dark melancholy eyes, and sighed; then, with a faint smile he took her hand and kissed it, but the action was marked with the utmost respect.

"Mademoiselle," he said in a low, gentle voice, "dare I solicit from you one favor?"

Marie Jeanne struggled feebly to withdraw her hand.

"He is making love already," thought she.—"What a charming place is this Paris."

"If you will not grant my request, allow me at least to prefer it."

She looked at him. He was very handsome. Her eyes said so; but her sweet, rosy mouth, only replied—"I cannot keep you from using your own tongue, Monsieur."

"Then promise to comply with the first thing I shall ask of you *after you are queen of France*."

"*Oh, bon Dieu!*" ejaculated Marie Jeanne to herself; "he is then really mad! What a *great* pity! with such tender eyes too;" and then somewhat hastily disengaging her hand, she answered with a compassionate smile: "Yes, Monsieur, I faithfully promise to grant what you ask, when I am queen of France."

"One moment," said the stranger, ere he resigned the small white hand which he held compressed in his own; I see "Mademoiselle, you think me mad. I pray you, have a better opinion of me.—I am not mad. Oh, *would* I were. Adieu! After your elevation there will be only *one* thing more extraordinary."

"*Quel dommage!*" thought Marie Jeanne; but knowing that lunatics must be pacified by an appearance of credulity on the part of their auditors, she asked him, though not without a half-suppressed smile,

"And what will that be?"

"*Your end!*" replied the stranger, sternly and solemnly.

"*Quel grand dommage!*" muttered Marie Jeanne once more, as her companion disappeared, and she resumed her way towards the streets. "Queen of France! ah," and she sighed, "I wish to heaven I were! *Mais, mon Dieu!* It is getting late. What will Madame Labelle say all this while?"

Chapter III.

The Emperor Julian, that he might strike a death blow at Christianity, resolved to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. As his impious design was frustrated, the tourist of our times, although locomotives may traverse the continent from Ostend to Thibet, will scarcely behold anything so magnificent as the chateau and gardens of Versailles. It is known that Louis XIV. beneath whose wand this vision of architectural grandeur arose, consigned the accounts to the flames, frightened at the idea that posterity should learn the extent of his prodigality. The court of Louis XV. rioted there so far above the herd of common humanity, that their pleasures resembled the feasts of the gods.—The treasures of a mighty nation were within their reach, and they bathed themselves in a sea of luxury and splendor. Not in the palaces of the Caesars, or the seraglio of the Persian or the Mahometan, have there been ever more multiform and costly offerings at the altar of love and mirth. One dazzling divinity presided over the orgies of that stately temple. Her name was *Pleasure*.

The most casual reader need not be informed that woman at this period ruled *France*. A royal cotemporary, indeed, excited the ire of Louis XV. by designating the events of his administration as having occurred under the reign of Petticoat the First, Petticoat the Second, Petticoat the Third, in allusion to those syrens whom the effeminate monarch, with a latitude breathing of the atmosphere of Constantinople, called to share his pleasures and his power. It was about five years after the incident just related, when the court of Versailles was thrown into great agitation, by changes either made or premeditated, of the most important description.

In an apartment of the chateau, corresponding in its furniture with the elegant splendor which reigned through the court, stood a most lovely woman, of three or four and twenty. She was clad with regal magnificence, but it was eclipsed by the resplendant beauty of the wearer. An air of dignity rendered her more tall in appearance than reality; and her attitude was that of authority, not unmingled with anger. Several gentlemen, evidently of the most exalted rank, were gathered around, with deep submission and respect in their air and attitude. They looked at each other in consternation, but ill-concealed, while she, her figure lifted to its height, her beautiful brow elevated and overshadowed, her eyes sparkling with fire, and her hand extended with the gesture of one commanding, and not to be disobeyed, appeared at once the queen and mistress of her trembling nobles. Her haughty bearing well became her station. The silence and fear of the circle around well became them—her inferiors and her slaves.

"Madame," said one—it was the proud Duc de Choiseul—"let me entreat you to move his majesty in this affair. The Dutchesse de Grammont is banished solely on your account, and with one word you can recal her."

"But that word, my lord duke, I will never pronounce. As long as the slights of that imperious woman was directed against me in private, I bore them, because my lord, I despised her too much for hatred; but when she presumes to mate with me in the open day, it is time her audacity should be checked and punished. It is so. She is exiled from the court. Let her remain awhile in solitude and cool her fiery temper."

The duke colored deeply and withdrew several paces.

"Madame," began the Duc de Fronsac, "might I, as your friend, remind you that the Dutchesse de Grammont is one of the most illustrious and powerful women in the kingdom?"

"Do you threaten, sir! The Duc de Choiseul, so far from wasting his influence in behalf of others, had better reserve it for himself. He will need it, and that before he is aware."

The Duc de Choiseul, except the King, was the first man in France, yet he turned pale at this direct intimation of his disgrace, which, in fact, took place a few weeks afterward.

What Cleopatra is this, commanding the destinies of nobles and nations, the brightest star in the horizon of Versailles, the reigning divinity that swayed the very thoughts of Louis XV.! There were moments when she had all Europe at her feet. There were crisis' when she might, with her single hand, have changed the course of the most important events of history. And to whom did this hand belong? To Marie Jeanne. Ah! the coquette. One might have seen that face of hers was enough to burn Troy. Some minister to the taste of the king had presented before him the friendless *modiste*. Her beauty effected a conquest which her wit and talent enlarged and confirmed, and the poor little Marie Jeanne *was* the nearest favorite of a throne, with all the power of a queen of France.

After the scene which we have described above, Marie Jeanne, (now the Countess du B——,) went into the chapel to attend mass. The company was collected, but she was the star on which every attention was fixed. Alas! there was little piety in her thoughts. On this day she attained the summit of her wishes. She had humbled her enemies, and triumphed over them for ever. She had seen the greatest men of the court waiting an audience, and trembling beneath her frown. The King had publicly acknowledged her to be invested with authority almost equal to his own. She had now no rival. Her path was clear. Her beauty, instead of fading, had grown more lustrous than ever; and in her mind the sunshine of prosperity had awakened a thousand powers and graces, previously unsuspected even by herself. At this moment, (and while conscious that the homage of the assemblage was directed rather to her than to heaven,) leaning with his back against the wall behind the altar, his dark, beautiful eyes fixed steadfastly upon her countenance, she beheld the mysterious young prophet of the Tuileries, who, five years before, when she was only a simple milliner's girl in the *Rue St. Honore*, had predicted her present remarkable destiny. He was noble looking and melancholy as ever, and on perceiving himself recognized, a sudden smile lit his expressive countenance, and he gracefully waved his finger round his brow, as if asking, "*Are you not queen of France?*"

Astounded and alarmed, she felt her senses deserting her. She was agitated, as if in the presence of a supernatural being, and only by a strong exertion, and after closing her eyes, avoided fainting.—At length, she once more looked towards the altar. The stranger had disappeared.

Singular as it may seem, the Countesse had entirely forgotten the mad-man of the Tuileries. His reappearance now brought the whole scene forcibly to her mind. He had predicted her present elevation to rank, but he had predicted also an extraordinary end. She was lost in wonder and fear. In her emotion she mentioned it to a confidential friend, with a declaration that she would give any money in the world for an interview with the object of her dread. To this friend it appeared sufficiently singular to be made the subject unknown to the Countesse, of a report to the lieutenant general of police. "Any money in the world," said the latter, "is a very tempting reward. We will see if we cannot ferret out this Parisian Daniel!"

The French police, at that time, was by no means an undisciplined instrument of power, and all its blood-hounds were let loose to track out the mysterious prophet. The efforts were utterly fruitless.

The Countesse was sitting a few weeks after alone in her boudoir, when a footman brought in a letter, sealed with black seals, and bearing the impress of death's head. The gloomy document, upon being opened, was found to contain the following words:

"MADAME LA COMTESSE—I am perfectly aware that the strict pursuit made after me, in your name, is without your knowledge or sanction. Those sent in search of me have spared no pains to ascertain my name and abode. My abode! Let all as they value themselves avoid meeting me there; for when they enter it, it will be never to quit it more. Who am I! That can only be known when this life has been exchanged for another. I charge you, Madame, to command the Lieutenant, M. de Sartines, to cease his researches after me! they would be fruitless, and might only compromise your safety. Remember, I predicted your good fortune; was I not correct! I have also foretold reverse; I am equally correct in them. You will see me *once* more; and should I unfortunately cross your path a *fourth* time, prepare to bid adieu to the light of Heaven and the pleasures of this world."

The Countesse was struck with undefinable terror. She ordered the instant cessation of the police proceedings. For a time, anxiety and wonder overshadowed her days and banished slumber from her pillow. But she was the lightest hearted creature under heaven, and Versailles the gayest spot on earth. The beloved favorite of a magnificent monarch—young, beautiful, envied and admired—pleasure soon wove its enchantments around her steps; a thousand schemes of mirth and folly were adopted, and the mysterious prophet was once more forgotten.

Chapter IV.

It is a very insecure tenure of power, either for a male or female politician—the caprice of a voluptuary and a despot! and yet have there been favorites of either sex, so successful in maintaining their dominion over royal minds, as to hold the reigns of government with absolute security, uninterrupted for years. The little Marie Jeanne, the modest *couturiere* of the *Rue St. Honore*, was now one of those potent rulers, and in the character of the Comtesse du Barre, swayed to her wildest caprice, the monarch of France. Years sped on, and her influence increased. She forgot the obscurity of her birth and early life, and trod the brilliant *salons* of Versailles with the accustomed confidence of one born to a throne. Louis XV. was not only fascinated by that wonderful beauty which had attracted the commendation of the pedestrian *connoisseurs* about the Tuileries, but he was equally mastered by the charms of a sweet disposition, and a profound yet elegant mind. Idolized by the King, she was, of course, the worshipped sun of all. Courtiers, queens, emperors, dukes, sages, and heroes, poets, painters and philosophers either trembled beneath her frown or rejoiced in her favor; for it was well known that those beautiful lips dispensed the offices of state and the stores of the treasury. The highest and most haughty in that magnificent *chateau*, of which she reigned the unrivalled mistress, were taught to bend and withdraw from her anger; and her relatives and friends, nay even the most casual among her acquaintance, were elevated to rank and riches by her slightest wish.

Not only did the private circles of the Court feel the influence of this remarkable woman's genius, but its effects extended throughout France and Europe. The liberal ministry by her, were dismissed from office. Under her secret enmity, the parliaments, which even before the reign of the Fifteenth Louis began to raise their voices, were arbitrarily suppressed; a measure which left in the nation an inflamed hatred of the Court, which soon broke into a blaze. It is said that the division of Poland, that act of national felony which has left an eternal stigma upon modern Europe, might have been prevented, had she chosen to render the least support to the cause of that oppressed country. With many virtues she possessed many faults. Most of the latter were those of education and accident, while the former were peculiarly her own. She was ambitious, wasteful and unthinking; but she was also generous, faithful and sincere. Her affectionate nature delighted in acts of munificence; but they led her to make such demands upon the treasury as to exhaust the very wealth of the nation, and to expedite those gloomy and unutterable horrors which, in the Revolution, burst like a furious hurricane upon devoted France, sweeping the good and bad together into a common ruin.

At the period to which this little story refers, the fatal cloud had commenced only to gather in the horizon, without casting its black shadow over the sunshine of the Court. Louis XV. was still monarch, and a spirit of Paphian luxury pervaded the royal abode. The shrines of morality and religion were deserted for that of pleasure. Every thing that could dazzle and delight, was blended with every thing that could corrupt the heart. Vice, in all her most refined and alluring forms, roamed abroad unabashed; virtue alone was ridiculed and despised. If a profligate noble was ruined at cards, his exhausted purse was replenished from the treasury. Did a lascivious Abbe awaken against himself the indignation of his flock by new forms of debauchery, he was elevated to a higher and more lucrative place in the Church. If a minister advised measures to control the licentiousness of the *noblesse*, and to secure the rights of the people, he was dismissed in disgrace; and if a father or a husband resented the insult offered by a Duke or Prince to his daughter or his wife, a *lettre de cachet* dragged him from the bosom of his family, and immured him, perhaps for life, in the dungeons of the Bastile.

From the millions thus insulted, oppressed and forgotten, at length arose murmurs no longer to be stifled. The fire of such minds as Voltaire and Mirabeau began to infuse itself into the mass.—But the gay throng of Versailles, surrounded by groves, colonades, fountains, streams and statues, hedged in by the sacred divinity of rank, allied with the potent powers of Europe, little dreamed of other danger than some saucy riot, or of other consequences than the necessity of shedding some plebian blood by the bayonets of their own countrymen. Still in that stately and superb *chateau* were heard the sounds of revelry and mirth,—Still royalty spread in all its pride, and beauty wove all its spells, and Louis XV. was master of France, and Marie Jeanne was the very divinity of Louis XV.

One night, soothed and delighted by the uncommon beauty of the sky, the Comtesse stole from a giddy [illegible] to a marble balcony, which overlooked the loveliest of scenes. The long range of the Palace was visible in the moon-light, a heavy, interminable pile of grandeur. The sound of the music and the dancers came softened from the distant rooms; the cool breath of nature blew in refreshingly, laden with the grateful perfume of grove and garden; and the moon, full, orbed and lustrous, lay couched upon a fleecy cloud, with the soft radiance so peculiar to the pale face of Dian.

The Comtesse sighed as she gazed, for there is something reproachful in the quiet of nature to one just forth from the glare of a revel; but yet her sigh was not of grief.

"No," she cried; "I am blessed beyond my merits. *I* am the mistress of this lordly scene. To me is every wish referred, every knee bent. Ah! how little thought the poor *Marie Jeanne*, as she used to make her toilette before a piece of glass in the seventh story of an old house in the *Rue St. Honore*, that she would ever be the powerful and beloved mistress of a such magnificent abode!"

Again she sighed. Did imagination deceive her? or was that sigh echoed only by the breeze? She looked around with a nameless apprehension. A few feet beneath, with folded arms, leaning motionless against a statue, stood the figure of a man.—At that moment he turned. The moon-light fell upon his noble but melancholy countenance.—With a thrill that froze her very heart's blood, she met his eye. He was the prophet. It was the threatened visit.

"Stay!" she cried, "mysterious being?" But he was gone; and where he had stood, a tall statue of the Dian rose, stern, cold, and stirless in the moonlight.

At this moment a confusion was audible throughout the chateau, which, from its extent seemed to have some uncommon cause. She turned to reenter from the balcony. She was met by a noble of the Court.

"Duc d'Aiguillon, what has occurred?"

"Madame, have you not seen him?"

"What, that mysterious and dreadful visiter?"

"Visiter! What do you mean! I refer to the King."

"The King?"

"He is dangerously ill!"

"A sudden malady has almost bereft him of reason, but he has anxiously inquired for you—"

"Lead me to him ere it be too late!"

"Madame," said the Duc de Cosse, entering, with a solemn expression, "it is already too late!"

"Do not speak it—do not kill me—at least he yet lives?"

"Madame, *the King is dead*. Louis XVI. is now the honored Sovereign of France."

Wild with terror and despair, the Comtesse flew through the gorgeous apartments of the Palace.—Even in traversing them at this early hour, she perceived that her dream was over. Those who had yesterday knelt to her at a respectful distance, now, either assailed her with sarcasm or addressed her with familiarity. One so long in power could scarcely fail to be hated by many. As she reached her own chambers, she found a messenger from the new King. He had brought her an order of immediate banishment. He departed with a sneer.—Of the throngs who but a few hours before, had crowded to offer their flatteries, not one now remained. She sat down *alone*. Marie Jeanne was no longer *Queen of France*. The mysterious prophet had but too truly foretold her fall.

Chapter V.

It will be seen, by reference to the mysterious letter received by the Comtesse, after the second visit of the fatal stranger, that he had announced the certainty of one more interview, and the possibility of another. "You will see me *once more*"—thus ran the lines—"and should I unfortunately cross your path a *fourth* time, prepare to bid adieu to the light of heaven, and the pleasures of this world." *Three times* she had already beheld him. Was she to meet him the *fourth*?

No reader requires details respecting the reign of Louis XVI. The Comtesse had sustained the loss of her royal lover without being entirely ruined; and, possessed of an ample private fortune, she retired to a beautiful villa near the chateau, and, by her accomplishments and genius, became once more the centre of a circle almost as brilliant, and much more faithful, than those who had environed her steps in her days of power.

The Revolution had now burst forth. The people were up, and frantic for revenge. The lovely daughter of Maria Theresa, the thoughtless Marie Antionette, was hunted like a beautiful doe by fierce blood-hounds. Democracy, far and wide, raged like a flame. Royalty tottered to its very foundations.—The King and Queen were now deserted by their most trusted friends. The Comte d'Artois, the Prince de Conde, the Duc de Bourbon, the Duc d'Enghien, the Prince de Conti, and the time serving Polignacs, fled to Turin—to Bath—to Germany or Austria—any where from France. As the pusillanimous nobles abandoned their posts, demons, scarcely clothed in human forms, arose amid the discord, to guide and promote it. The names of Robespierre, Danton and Marat were howled through the storm. Law was abolished, religion destroyed, form derided, treachery and cruelty were rewarded, fidelity and honor punished. The guillotine was erected—blood began to flow—the prisons were crowded—the time for escape was gone—the king fell on the scaffold—the queen—half the court—the rivers of France ran red—and only one universal sound of weeping and wailing arose to heaven.

The Comtesse kept her little circle in Paris; and the virtues of her character unfolded themselves nobly in this dark extremity. Every one seemed her friend. She had known and loved Voltaire and Rousseau. She had at her soirees, Marat, Robespierre, Danton and Mirabeau. Safe in the shelter of a private station, and under the protection of such friends, she was happier than if she had been yet queen of France. Indeed, when Marie Antionette was dragged by her door to death, she felt grateful for her own fall, and saw in it a pledge of her own safety.

One day a stranger presented himself.

"Madame la Comtesse, the times are full of danger. Do you wish to live in security?"

"Of course, that must be the wish of all."

"Well then, hear me: The late King—I mean Louis XV.—in a certain spot, in the chateau of Versailles, concealed a casket of vast importance."

A deadly paleness overspread the face of the Comtesse.

"I see madam you are in possession of the secret. Louis XV. confided this fact only to yourself. The last time this casket was opened was, when the King placed in it a large packet, you standing with a taper in your hand to afford his majesty a light. That casket contains evidence which will bring the haughtiest nobles in France to the guillotine. *You* are the only being alive who knows where it is hidden. We must have it. Madame la Comtesse, will you oblige us with the desired secret?"

"I do not know who you are, sir," replied the Comtesse, loftily; "but, whoever you may be, since your avowed object is to shed more blood, and add others to the already insupportable evils of unhappy France, I must expressly refuse to afford the required knowledge."

"Madame, beware! I am not to be trifled with."

"Nor, sir, am I; and as this interview is not agreeable to me, I heartily wish it concluded."

"Madame la Comtesse," (these words were spoken with undisguised irony, as all titles of nobility were abolished,) "I wish you good day." He cast on her a significant look and withdrew.

Delighted with the consciousness of having performed an heroic action, the Comtesse in the evening met a circle of powerful friends at the opera.—There was an interval when she sat in her box alone, glad of a moment of solitary reflection.—The privilege, however, was not long to be granted. There was another knock. "Come in, she cried, and, half rising, opened the door.

Tall, stern, pale, and noble, the mysterious being who had twice foretold her destiny, stood silently before her. A shriek that alarmed the whole house burst from her quivering lips, and she fell back senseless.

Chapter VI.

That spot, the Place Louis XV. trodden to-day by the careless feet of so many happy travellers was partly covered with an idle crowd. The populace at large, sated with horrors, had ceased to be attracted by the familiar scene of death. In the centre stood the guillotine. A female was dragged, struggling and desperate, to the spot. A long, loud roll of drums was beaten to drown her shrieks. Of all the countless victims, not one had yielded so shudderingly to the fatal stroke. By the hand of force she was thrust down upon her knees—

"Give me *one moment*—give me *but*—"

It fell—the drums beat—a few shouts arose, *Vive la Republique!*

Adieu, beautiful Marie Jeanne!

LAYS OF ZION.—THE FLOWN BIRD.

Where art thou, bird of love?
Fondest one and sweetest?
Dost thou in Eden rove?
Seraph forms thou meetest!
Oh, sweet were thy glad songs
When thy presence cheered me,
Memory their notes prolongs
And bids me think of thee.
Bird! ah lone is my breast
Where sad thoughts are lying,
Fond hopes thy love had blest,
In my poor heart are dying.
The world, that looked so glad
With thy smiles about me,
Is dim, and my heart is sad—
Life is dark without thee.

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"And God said, let there be light; and there was light."—BIBLE.

When the Almighty spake and said
"Let there be light," how quick the Sun
In vestments of pure light array'd,
On young creation brightly shone.
The earth, with virgin loveliness,
Blush'd, as the light of new-born day
Disclosed her first beauteous dress—
Her dewy tears scarce wip'd away
The stars, lit up with heaven's light,
For joy rejoice and shout aloud,
And angels, too, pleased at the sight,
Around the scene delighted crowd!
Hark—hark! what deep toned melody—
What rapturous song thro' earth and skies—
What joy-inspiring minstrelsy,
Attun'd to praise—harmonious rise!
Loud as "the voice of thunderings
And voice of many waters"—roll
The joyous song Creation sings,
From sphere to sphere—from pole to pole.

From the Scottish Magazine.

RESPECTABLE VAGABONDS.

BY ONE OF THE TRIBE.

A respectable man means a man who has a good house over his head and plenty of good things in it—who is punctual and untiring in his attention to business during the week, and who "rejoices in a Sunday capon"—whose annual income and expenditure are fairly balanced, and who takes care that the latter shall never exceed the former. With these qualifications a man is respectable: he needs no others to entitle him to the character. You can calculate upon such a man's motives and actions: you have a hold upon him. You may neither love nor honor him, but you cannot call him, according to the richer vocabulary of our Yankee brethern, a "despisable man."

Vagabonds, again, are—not merely what the etymology of the word implies, wanderers—for a whole profession has ere now been made "vagabonds" by Act of Parliament, a stain which one of its members could not efface even by entering the *stationer's* company. The epithet, however, implies something *unsettled*, either in a literal or figurative sense, about the person on whom it is bestowed. Gipsies and tinkers are vagabonds in every sense of the word. But all your hangers-on upon society, who do not pursue one of the recognisedly necessary useful professions or trades, who live, in short, after a way from hand to mouth, have vagabond blood in them.—They scramble over every note in the gamut of respectability—some of them striking a tolerably high, some an ineffably low one—but there is something about all of them that keeps alive in the staid, the respectable portion of society, a spirit of suspicion and defiance towards them.—The two classes are, in short, the antagonist principles of society,—its fixed and floating capital—its inherent particles and its volatile essences.

It is more a difference in kind than in value that exists between these varieties of the human species. The respectable man may have his fists as close as his till, and his heart as hard as a nether-millstone. The unsettled—the vagabond in short—but after all it is an ugly word—may live and die without a stain on his character. But in the calculation of chances, there is this in favor of the respectable man, that it is a principle in natural science, well known to a washerwoman and other experimentalists, that those who sit quietly at home find it a much more easy matter to keep their clothes clean than those who go rambling about. In addition to the advantage which the respectable man's solidity gives him over his more mercurial counterpart, in rendering him less easily affected by the gust of transient impulse, he sits apart, fenced in from the promiscuous crowd, in danger of coming in contact with no one who wears a coat less well brushed than his own. The thoughtless vagabond is continually in danger of stumbling upon questionable society: he runs now against a baker and now against a chimney sweep.

Still there are among us who hang upon the skirts of society, tolerated by the business men of this world, because they cannot help themselves, picking up an uncertain livelihood by catering, not to the necessities, but to the tastes—perhaps it may be the whims or follies, of society, who are good enough characters in our way—respectable vagabonds, if I may be allowed the expression. This class comprehends many varieties—poets, fiddlers, artists, actors, projectors, book-makers, editors of periodicals, itinerant lecturers, teachers of fencing and the noble art of self defence, makers of revolutions, teachers of modern languages, itinerant quill venders, &c. &c. &c. Amongst all these varieties you will find honest and honorable men, and yet there is something unsettled, uncertain, about their way of life, that marks a broad distinction between them and the assured condition of the steady cheesemonger or tallow chandler. The ground beneath their feet is neither firm ground nor quagmire—it is like that upon which the squatter of Mississippi locates himself—it is like that trodden by Milton's hero fiend as he approached the outskirts of creation. They stand for ever, like the picture of Hercules, at the diverging paths between "Virtue and Vice:" they get peeps into both worlds; they see the comfort and security of the industrious on the one hand and the scrambling life of the *chevaliers d'industrie* on the other. Their unsettled fate brings them acquainted with strange bed-fellows; they know more than they ought to do. They have a theoretical though not a practical knowledge of the art of "raising the wind," and the tricks of the billiard table. They have a smattering of the housebreaker's mystery, and can talk his language: they have a morbid desire to see and converse with the fancy, the swell-mob, resurrection men, and other strange characters. They often hear the chimes at midnight.

Shakspeare was a respectable vagabond, and decidedly the chief of the clan. Many a substantial citizen has shaken his head with distrust and disapprobation at the varlet who had been obliged to fly his country for stealing the deer of a worthy gentleman, and who could think of no better or wiser method of gaining his livelihood than by picking up a scrambling subsistence, first as a groom-boy, and then as "a harlotry player." And no doubt wild Will did keep queer company in his time. It is a strange alchymy that by which a noble and poetical nature can feed upon the contemplation of that which is base, and assimilate it into its own substances; it is a moral robustiousness and indestructible health, prefigured in the physical world by the power said to have been possessed by Mithridates of feeding upon poisons. If Shakspeare had never mingled with the bullies of the forest, nor with the pimps, parasites and pickpockets, who haunt the purlieus of a theatre, nor with the vain coxcombs who seek to supply their want of wit by assembling round their festive boards the paid and public jesters, nor with the swindlers who prey upon such butterflies, how many exquisite pictures, how many deep-thoughted moral lessons should we have lost! We have all these creatures in his dramas, but purged of their earthy and drossy parts, by passing through the alembic of his mind, quickened by touches of human feeling which their dull or seared souls were insensible of. Brought into contact with all kinds of men in his wanderings, he "sounded the very pass string of humility," and even from it he drew forth music. Who would like to lose Poins or Peto? or Gadshill and his carriers? or Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol? or Sir Toby Belch—"sweet Sir Toby Belch?" or Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet? or Master Froth? or Master Doctor Caius? And yet there is not one of these, if we meet him in real life, but we should think the stock his fittest resting place. Shakspeare has preserved the glossy coat and graceful convolutions of these reptiles, and extracted their fangs, we can look on them with pleasure. He has breathed a human soul into them, and made them group and blend harmoniously with his other figures: we recognise a common humanity in them. The lightning of his poetry purges away the gross fogs and vapors which [illegible] the moral atmosphere, and [illegible] our soul at the same time, a lesson of tolerance and forbearance. "Then say an old man can do something." The poacher, groom-boy, third-rate actor—the respectable vagabond Shakspeare—has done more to instruct men in a true morality, and to strew flowers along the path of life, than he could have done but for his questionable position in society.

Another of our heroes is Samuel Johnson.—There are some who are free burgesses of our State, yet who are ever hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt—the comforts of a settled income, and a dinner as certain in its daily returns as the hour allotted to the meal. I am not sure but Shakspeare was one of these. He must have been a forecasting and hoarding genius, to amass in his profession a competency in the short time he did; and he must have completely sowed his wild-oats, seeing in how green a middle age he retired to country obscurity. But Johnson was one of us by the necessity of his nature. The Italian who thought to pay him a compliment, by addressing him under the title of his most popular work, and who, because of his imperfect acquaintance with the peculiarities of English idiom, saluted him as "Mr. Vagabond," was not so far wrong after all. Necessity often drove Johnson to sleep on a bulk, or to wander the long night through for want of a home, in the days of his acquaintance with savage. But nothing except an innate love of an irregular, scrambling, uncertain life, could have prompted some of his sallies when an old man and possessed of a house of his own. When Beauclerk and another knocked him up at midnight, and he, on opening the door, exclaimed "You dogs I will have a frisk with you," there spoke the whole soul of a vagabond; and if Johnson was not a "respectable vagabond," there never was one who deserved the name. It is curious to think that this spark burning brightly to the last, amid that too solid mass of flesh, and in such an ascetic moralist.—It reminds us of what we are told respecting the red Indians, who, after living long years in the practice of staid industry, amongst an industrious community, are seized with a longing for their old way of life, and resuming the blanket, mocasin, and rifle, plunge again into the pathless woods.

I have my own doubts whether I can with strict propriety class Richard Brinsley Sheridan among the respectable vagabonds. The ineffable ease with which he allowed the morrow to care for itself; the Herculean strength with which he bore up under a load of debts and embarrassments, enough to have bowed strong "Atlas," entitle him beyond a doubt to be classed with one portion of our fraternity, but whether that be exactly the respectable portion is a question not so easily answered. Were Brinsley now pleading his case before me, I might address him much after the same way that a patron of that mythological ornament of our *caste* Gil Blas addressed him after he made a tolerably candid confession of his pranks,—"Well, Signor de Santillane, I see you have been a little on the *Picaro*," and then, we believe, a sneaking kindness for the dog would induce us to decide in favour of Sheridan. There are some ugly stories told about his conduct to his old political associates which would go far to establish a charge of selfishness against him, but these were never heard of untill his mouth was closed for ever. We will not hear fresh accusations to which he cannot have the privilege of a reply. I beg leave to remind the authors of this charge—they are for the most part political partisans, fierce Whigs, and therefore to be heard with suspicion—that one of their patron saints was as bad as poor Brinsley in this respect. They who maintain the uniform consistency of Mackintosh will have some difficulty to reconcile the sentiments expressed in his correspondence from Bombay with those which we find in his *Vindiciae Gallicae*, and in his speeches on the Reform Bill. We cannot see how that should be unpardonable in the constitutionally thoughtless which can be overlooked in one who walked by line and rule. Not that we mean and disrespect to Sir James, we would merely in behalf of a friend remind some people of the parallel of the mote and the beam. Mackintosh is one of us, although he had an odious affectation of belonging to the respectables. He stood to Sheridan somewhat in the same relation that Joseph Surface does to Charles—dilatoriness was his "little French milliner." N. B.—This parallel is no undue compliment to Brinsley, for if there be any difference between the two brothers, Charles is the more selfish pretender of the two. There is an affectation of sentiment about his egotism, and that is the sole distinction between him and his brother.

I hope the reader from these specimens understands perfectly the class of men I have "denominated respectable vagabonds," and entertains a due sense of their merits and importance. We have scarcely justice done us in this working day world. We are allowed to "sit at good men's feasts," but it is either as tolerated guests on account of some service we have done them, or because we are expected to amuse the company. We are treated with condescension, not as equals. Some foolish fellows among us take offence at this, and seclude themselves from general society in consequence. My plan is different: secure in my own opinion of my own importance I put down patronising airs by repaying them in kind. Nothing is easier than to maintain a footing of equality, when you feel you are entitled to do it.

It is not my intention at present to paint our saturnalian revels amongst ourselves. Shakspeare has done it; Smollet has done it. But there is one thing of which I would warn every man, that unless he is born one of us, he cannot become one of us. Look at Prince Hal! Even in his maddest days, his wild associates were incessantly treading on his toes, and unconsciously making him uncomfortable. And then, when on succeeding to his estate, (coming to his crown, I would say,) he cuts them so unceremoniously, when he, without one twinkle of the eye—without once drawing the back of his hand across it—orders his oldest boon companions (the object of his hypocritical exclamation, "I could have better missed a better man,") into custody, we feel half a mind to groan him off the stage for a low fellow. It would be treading upon concealed embers, to wake the perturbed spirit of Brummel from his pinched *cotelette* and *eau-de-vie* at Boulogne, to repeat the old tale. There is, properly speaking, no fault on either side in these cases; the rupture is the inevitable result of incompatibles seeking to herd together. Now, the moral of these old and modern instances is not far to seek. The crowns worn by the heroes do not remove them farther from fire-side analogy than the crowns in which the children of the Ogre of the nursery tale took their nightly repose. The moral of which I speak of is this:—There is something alluring even to men of settled habits in the tales of our scrambling fraternity. Many a stolid genius is tempted by them, as Robinson Crusoe was by narratives of voyages and travels. But if he embark on our stormy sea, he may rely upon being as soon sea-sick as his prototype was. There is no doubt a charm about our unsettled life, but we snatch "a fearful joy." We drain the cup of pleasure with a keener relish, but our longing eyes are towards the sunny abode of our settled friends. We are what we are because we cannot help ourselves: we would fain care for the morrow; we would fain settle down to some steady business, but our volatile nature is too much for us. The painstaking gentleman, who seeks to make himself one of us, will find himself somewhat in the position of the ass, who sought to frisk and fawn upon his master in emulation of the spaniel.—Our way in life is apart. Let us be friendly when we meet, but not attempt to dwell together. What has Jacob to do in the tents of Edom? The birthright is his.

A FEMALE DUELIST.

The Duchess d'Abrantes is publishing in parts the "Lives and portraits of Celebrated Women," from which we make a selection never before seen in this country; it is an account of one *Donna Catalina de Erauso*, the Nun-ensign who seems rather a fiend than a "celebrated woman." The adventures of the Nun-ensign—so called from her habiting herself in military uniform—are so curious as to partake of the appearance of romance, though it it stated that the documents which prove her existence and extraordinary adventures are numerous and authentic. This strange being was, it appears, born at Sebastian, in 1585. She was compelled to take the veil, but made her escape from the convent, and, having assumed male attire for the purpose of avoiding capture, her real sex was not discovered till the lapse of many years, during which she fought with great bravery as a soldier in the new world and was promoted to the rank of Ensign. Her violent temper led her into many scrapes, and she committed several murders; but ultimately obtained her pardon both from King and Pope, and died in obscurity. From the history of this daring Amazon we extract the following *murder and a duel*:—

A Nun-ensign loved play with a sort of frenzy; and the violence of her temper rendered her disgusting to those who only sought amusement in it. She was therefore dreaded in the gaming house, which she always made a point of visiting whenever she arrived in a town in which any existed. One day after her return to La Conception she was losing. A dispute arose about a throw; the banker wanted to speak, but she ordered him to be silent. He replied in a word so insulting that Catalina became frantic with rage. "Dare to repeat that word," she said. The unhappy man did so, and had scarcely uttered it ere Catalina's sword was buried in his heart. At this moment a young and noble Castilian, Don Francisco Paraga, auditor-general of Chili, entered the room. With the authority of his rank and office, he ordered the ensign to leave the house. Catalina cast a glance of bitter contempt at him, and made no other reply than to draw her dagger, with her sword still reeking with the blood of the unfortunate banker. Don Francisco repeated his order in a louder and more commanding voice, and at the same time seized Catalina by the upper part of her doublet in order to enforce her obedience. As she felt his hand touch her bosom, she for a moment became an indignant woman; but the stern and cruel soldier soon avenged the outraged female.—Raising her left arm she stabbed Don Francisco in the face, and her dagger penetrated through his two cheeks. Then brandishing her sword and dagger, and casting a terrible look around the room she sprang upon the stairs and disappeared before the terrified spectators could summon resolution to stop her.

But though Catalina had succeded in getting out of the house, she knew that the vengeance of the man she had wounded would be dreadful.—She fully understood her situation, and the moment her fury was appeased, perceived the whole extent of the danger she had brought upon herself.—There was only one mode of averting: this was to seek the sanctuary of the cathedral, and thence retire to the adjoining convent of San Francisco.—She had scarcely reached her asylum, when the governor arrived surrounded by his soldiers, and Catalina was thus blockaded during six months.—It seemed, no doubt, singular to her—but to her alone who knew herself to be an apostate nun—that she should be thus besieged in a monastery, not for the violation of her first vows, but for having killed two men with her woman's hand and her tiger's heart.

She had a friend in her regiment: Don Juan de Silva, ensign of another company. One day he came to see her; she was walking alone and sad, under the gloomy arcades of the church, uttering blasphemies against the seclusion which was becoming insupportable to her. Don Juan had just had a quarrel of so serious a nature that the satisfaction he required could not be deferred till the morrow, but was to be given at 11 o'clock the same night. On the rising of the moon, the two adversaries were to meet in a wood at a short distance from the ramparts. "But I have no second," said Don Juan, "and I am come to request you will perform that office for me."—The nun started at this appeal—this confidence in her courage sent a thrill through her heart. But a cloud suddenly passed her brow—a thought had come betwixt her and her friend—she frowned as she looked at Don Juan with suspicion—she thought he wanted to betray her.

"Why fight beyond the walls and at such an hour?" said she, fixing upon his countenance those eyes which always sparkled with a flame of the darkest ferocity. Don Juan made no reply. From the look and the tone of her voice he had guessed her suspicions. "Alonzo!" he said at length, "since you refuse your services I will go unattended; for I have confidence in no one but you." "I will go! I will attend you!" cried Catalina. The clock of the convent had just struck ten, when Don Juan came to fetch her. Both were wrapped in large brown *capas*, under which they carried their swords, whilst the *sombrero*, concealed their faces. "These precautions would be more necessary at any other time," observed Catalina, as they both continually stumbled from the darkness of the night.

The moon had not yet risen; the sky was overcast, the weather stormy, and not a star to be seen. They found Don Juan's adversary, with his second waiting for them. He who was to fight with Don Juan, was a knight of St Jago, named Don Francisco de Rojas. The moment he perceived them coming towards him, he advanced to the skirt of the wood, took off his cloak and *sombrero*, and addressing Don Juan, observed that all reconciliation between them being impossible, they had better not waste in useless words the time which might be more advantageously employed in the work of vengeance. Don Juan bowed in silence, drew his sword, and the combat began. Meanwhile, the two seconds, on the skirt of the wood, and close to the combatants, took care of the *capas* and *sombreros*, concealing, however, their faces from each other, which Catalina seemed the most anxious to do. They would perhaps have quitted each other, without recognition, had not Catalina, on seeing Don Juan receive a wound and stagger, cried out, "That was the blow of a base and cowardly traitor." "Thou liest!" replied the second of Don Francisco de Rojas. Catalina approached the stranger with her dagger in her hand—in an instant two blades of steel sparkled in the shade, and the silence of the forest which had been interrupted by the strife of the two principals only, was broken in upon by a second deadly combat, arising from no other cause than the insatiable thirst of a woman for blood.—Scarcely were the hostile weapons opposed to each other, ere Don Francisco's friend fell mortally wounded. He asked for a priest. On hearing the agonized cry of her victim, Catalina's heart became vulnerable for the first time. She thought she knew the voice, and leaning over the dying man, recognised by the uncertain light of the moon which had just risen, features which struck her with horror and remorse. "Who are you then?" she asked as if reproaching her victim with the crime she had just committed. "Captain Miguel de Erauso," replied the dying man. The unhappy woman had killed her brother.

PRAYER.

For an Absent Husband.

Father in Heaven!
Behold, he whom I love, is daily treading
The path of life in heaviness of soul,
With the thick darkness now around him spreading
He long hath striven
Oh thou most kind, break not the golden bowl.
Father in Heaven!
Thou who so oft hast healed the broken hearted,
And raised the weary spirit bowed with care,
Let him not say, his joy hath all departed,
Lest he be driven
Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.
Father in Heaven!
Oh grant to his most cherished hopes a blessing,
Let peace and rest descend upon his head;
That his torn heart the holy love possessing,
May not be riven,
Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed.
Father in Heaven!
Oh may his soul be stayed on thee; each feeling
Still lifted up in gratitude and love,
And may that Faith, the joys of Heaven revealing
To him be given,
'Till he shall praise thy name, in realms above.
M. St. L.

WATER-MARK ON WRITING AND OTHER PAPERS.

Great importance has ever been attached by the administrators of the law in the courts, to "documentary links" in the chain of circumstancial evidence, on which are inserted the *Anno Domini* water-mark.

It cannot have escaped the memory of the public that Olive Serres, the *ci-devant* Princess of Cumberland, some fourteen years ago, asserted her claims to certain allowances, pursuant to grants and recognitions which, doubtless, were attested by his Majesty George the Third, and divers members of the Cabinet of that Monarch, as well as by his son Edward, the late Duke of Kent.

The writer of this article attended not only the courts in Doctor's Commons, but other courts also to which the "blood royal," as she styled herself, was obliged to resort, and in every place the judges were staggered at the water-mark on some of the documents, which they considered a presumptive proof in favour of her claim.

In the year 1822, the relatives of a Thomas Taylor, of Hudderfield, successfully contested the will of the testator, by which his property was bequeathed to some distant branches. It was proved that Taylor died in the month of November. Affidavits were put in that at the near approach of death, but at the same time in the possession of his faculties, he made a laconic will on a sheet of "foolscap." The learned judge, who soon after became Lord Stowell, regretted that he was obliged to deny the correctness of the depositions of the subscribing witnesses to the will and testament of the defunct gentleman? because the testator, who was said to have made this will "revoking all others," subscribed it in the middle of November, 1820, whereas the very sheet of paper bore the water-mark of 1821!

One more instance out of many I could adduce of judicial decisions, founded on water-marks, and I shall give my reasons why they are founded in equity.

During the time that Sergeant Remmington presided in the Insolvent Debtor's Court, Moses Marcus applied for his discharge. As a London agent to several foreign houses, he, in the latter end of a particular year (1820 I think) became the consignee of considerable property, and speedily became an inmate of the Fleet. In order to prove to the court and his creditors the manner in which he had disposed of the consignees' property during the last three months of the preceding year, he put in a book, and swore positively that the entries were made on the days therein stated. The learned sergeant took a transparent view of one of the leaves of the ponderous ledger, which he indignantly hurled to the floor of the court, observing. "Your petition is dismissed; for the paper was made in the year after the entries bear date in this book."

From an officer on that very court I obtained yesterday, (Wednesday,) a document, which contains the water-mark of the firm of extensive paper-makers, which I, for the present, conceal, and to which is appended the following figures "1837." I have some doubt as to the legality of such an anticipatory issue, but I have none as to the necessity of those, in whose hands are the issues of life, liberty, and property, being, in future, extremely cautious before they decide on *prima facie* evidence.

THE LABOURING CLASS IN EUROPE.

The following interesting article from the North American Review for October, gives a glowing description of the condition of the laboring classes in Europe, in regard to the rate of wages, the burden of taxation, the means of subsistence, the facilities of education and the share, if these classes have any, in the government. It ought to inspire every citizen of this free and happy republic, to guard with constant vigilance against any encroachments of the institutions which guarantee to us the blessings which our brethren beyond the seas are destitute of.

In Norway the ordinary food of the peasantry is bread and gruel, both prepared of oatmeal, with an occasional mixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury which they very rarely enjoy.

In Sweden the dress of the peasantry is prescribed by law. Their food consists of hard bread, dried fish and gruel, without meat.

In Denmark, the peasantry are still held in bondage, and are bought and sold with the land which they labor.

In Russia the bondage of the peasantry is ever more complete than it is in Denmark; the nobles own all the land there is in the empire, and the peasantry who reside upon it are transferred with the estate. A great majority have only cottages, one portion of which is occupied by the family, while the other is appropriated to domestic animals. Few, if any, have beds, but sleep upon the bare boards, or upon parts of the immense stoves by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage and other vegetables, without the addition of any butter.

In Poland, the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are slaves. A recent traveller says, "I have travelled in every direction, and never saw a wheaten loaf to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of northern Germany, in Poland, or in Denmark; the common food of the peasantry of Poland, is cabbage and potatoes some times, but not generally, peak, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat."

In Austria the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their masters during every day except Sunday; the cultivators of the soil in a state of bondage.

In Hungary their state is, if possible, still worse. The nobles own the land, do not work and pay no taxes; the laboring classes are obliged to repair all the highways and bridges, are liable at any time to have soldiers quartered upon them, and are compelled to pay one tenth of the produce of their labor to the church and one ninth to the lord whose land they occupy.

Of the people of France seven and a half millions do not eat wheat or wheaten bread; they live upon barley, rye, buckwheat, chesnuts and a few potatoes.

The common wages of a hired person in France—thirty-seven dollars and a half for a man and eighteen dollars and three quarters for a woman annually; the taxes upon them are equal to one fifth of its nett products.

In 1763 there were 700,000 houses in Ireland. Of these 113,000 were occupied by paupers, and more than 500,000 had no hearth; the average price of labor is from nine and a half to eleven cents a day.

Among the laboring classes of the industrious Scotch, meat, except on Sunday is rarely used.

In England the price of labor varies—"the Nottingham stocking weavers, as stated by them in a public address, after working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, only earned from four to five shillings a week, and were obliged to subsist on bread and water or potatoes and salt."

Saturday Evening Post.

DECEMBER 27, 1834.

GOV. RITNER'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—

Our Constitution, which if the habit of official duty, as well as the Charter of Liberty, has ordained that the Executive shall, "from time to time, give to the General Assembly information of the state of the commonwealth, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall deem expedient," and also such matters connected to the general good—the duty of which is rendered more imperative, when the constitutional responsibility they shall be regularly and closely familiar with the operations of the Executive Office, and the condition of the country, from its various parts—but increasing commercial prosperity and vast internal improvements, call for legislation, which, from the multiplicity of its details, and the peculiar knowledge which they have acquired by their immediate connexion with the business of the country, accountable to the Creator, and to posterity for the happiness and freedom we enjoy, I shall endeavor to discharge this duty, with a single eye to the attainment of the end proposed in the constitution.

In the origin of civil society, it may be found to exist in our social relations, and in recommending measures for its removal, the progressive or the retrograde movements of the human mind, in the science of man, shall be commenced with, a sufficient confidence will be placed in the intelligence of the communities of the call my of present station.

On casting the eye over this interesting country—Pennsylvania—the first object that presents itself is found to clear the heart of the patriot and philanthropist, means the river. A navigable river, flowing through the centre of peace—under the benign influence of which, the whole country has risen to the first government of their own choice, in a land of plenty, prohibitions and happiness. Under this river, the natural qualifications are acknowledged to be the true and only measure of equality and superiority, for no pursuits there being held in equal repute, whether they have already acquired for him a competency, or they are only grown a sure promise of his independence. Hence wealth and poverty, neither of which are to be coveted and dreaded the one, or as oftentimes such a curse to the individual object, and to society, as to ought but individual misery, and the overthrow of the state, free to choose their own manner of life—to pursue their right of happiness—and persons who shall administer their government. All are equal in the eye of the law—equal in the enjoyment of the rights of the country, and equal to each other if restrained by rare of crime. All are responsible—but they feel that the rich benefits they enjoy—to their country, for the protection of their talents, their knowledge, and their influence to the common good—and to posterity for the unimpaired transmission of the true constitution to their charge.

Thus as the cheering appearance of our common condition, and the beautiful theory of our social compact. It is pleasant to dwell upon, and to contemplate it. But enjoy of the system is not a duty of government—a jealous watchfulness of its safety, and a fearless performance of necessary duty, is the constant task of those to whom the rights and the powers of a free people are committed. Hence the proper and necessary to scrutinize more closely—to examine before the scales, the workings and the results of the apparently smooth expanse of our civil and political existence. If the bark of the state is to be without reserve, I fear certain under-currents will be discovered, which are rapidly sweeping it from the steering the ark of our political existence to destruction.

The first of these is that spirit of lawless combination, unknown to our open and equal institutions, and opposed to the genius of our Republican system, which the Father of his country set forth his last and most solemn warning. While we congratulate the fraternal and harmless in his day, less since we mourned the dangerous character of regularly organized, oath-bound, secret working, wide-spread and powerful societies. Of these, none have proved more offensive foes of the various just enumerated, the society of Freemasonry in the United States. Their principles are the propagation and support of principles the most dangerous to freedom. Inherently hostile to the justification or even reversal of which, individual guilt, however great and notorious, may be shielded from all but God and their associates. In the state and nation of which, if unchecked, in the state and nation of anarchy, and the first step to despotism; the destruction, limited or society, by the subversion of constituted and worked ends, which, if kept, produce the result for which they were intended; and, if broken, so contain our citizens to make light of that which is the true source of justice, and one of the bonds of society: the promotion of monopoly and the prostitution of the unlimited sum of human.

These immediate and unfavorable results are sufficient to arouse, and, I have no doubt, shall receive the attention of the Legislature. Posterity will be interested the subject to your early and deliberate consideration. But the last reason it was partly seen the result. The question of the constitutional right of the Legislature to investigate and legislate on the affairs of secret-oath-bound societies was settled, after a full and deliberate discussion.

You meet under different, and permit me to say, under peculiarly favorable circumstances, for the final disposal of that unpleasant matter. Wherever you do not be satisfied to rarify and or excitement. You leave it in your power, by a full investigation of the subject to secure public confidence in the wisdom of proper laws for their suppression or control, leaves to redress this monstrous evil. The people of this State expect the sovereignty to be true by the Legislature, not as partizans, but as independent men, to perform their duty to the country, regardless of mere political consequences, and of every temporary excitement which had on all to the support of the Constitution and the Laws.

The other great subject of the times is that desire which in all or so enormous, of securing wealth without labour. Submission to the sad democratic spirit of the State, yet regardless to the universal of the doctrine that money is power, and keep up the appearance of respect for useful labour has led to a spirit of wire characterized hard-working and economical Pennsylvania. But, it cannot be disguised from the many principles and rigorous mortis of our fathers. A gambling spirit of speculation is abroad. The issue of a desire to obtain wealth at the expense of others, and without equivalent.

The spirit of speculation of any day, whether in stock, in coal lands, or in town lots, six to rarity nothing but the sale of the property—the profit and profit that the seller had realized at the time of sale. If the eye be cast upon one of those rumors from the commencement of the excitement, till the final explosion and depression, it will be found to be a tragic scene of deception, disappointment, and of misery. No adequate notion of the evil of decisions being generally transmitted to the people before, but in the midst of the delusion and the glare of taxes. Most prone its acquisitions, and pay the whole amount of all purchases. It is, then, that, when a regulatory which might almost be graduated to redeem the currency, the various stages of its restoration are passed through, till the final "depression" arrives, and its unavoidable and hopeless. The great sorrow of the game is for each to hold the last low enough to enable him to make his escape with the greater possible severity, and not so long as to incur upon himself the forfeit.

The next cause of all mischief, even by the widest distances of departure from the true and safe rule of principles and was cannot rebound to human success. But, mind it is a cause, of small or small as with as the control of legislation. The great number and variety of corporations since the accrual of the years, have increased and green food to the depraved appetite. I do not wish to be understood as opposed to useful corporations. Such is not the consequence of opinion on such subject. It is a recognition of that the works or corporations created for laudable objects have not been, as a general rule, the subject of wild speculation. It is only "fancy stocks" which have no real existence except in the imagination of the holder, and which constitute an embodied amount of labor, useful to the public, that subject of the game of one class. Others, such as the Banks, the Insurance, and rail roads, rail-roads and turnpikes, also have had, but their business are not of the proportion to the real values of money, and the actual profit of the investment. The Banks are not "fancy stocks," and a contractor be ruined, for not doing that, which, before the bargain, the other party had determined he should not be able to perform.

The Act of Assembly passed during the last session, relative to "Limited Partnerships," should have been, to a great extent, prevent the increase of speculation. And a due regard for the public welfare demands that no more corporate bodies shall be created, except upon the most certain proof of their necessity, and of the promise of the proposed object being beyond the power of individual association. This is a subject which will be found to be important, and it should in no case be departed from. The incessant call of these artificial bodies for money or power, or under circumstances calculated to create no competition with, and to destroy the profits of the trading and responsible individuals, is a trampling upon the rights of the citizen. It serves to lower and degrade the man who labors for gain without labour; a unduly increases the wealth and distresses of the community, and total effect takes away responsibility from moral and personal, extend to the moral sense of virtue, inconsistent of multiplies influence and the interest of the people, transferring the whole weight of the members into one overwhelming mass—it sale degradation by making it the interest of all persons to speculate—and finally, it begets confidence and panic to society, by the effects of the hasty who are compelled to escape from the toil of the unavailing labor.

The circumstances under which the present Legislature comes together, render the consideration of this and a work peculiarly proper for them. Let a thorough examination be made into the whole business of speculation in stock, and let the corrective measures, which shall be found necessary, be fully and promptly applied, and there is little doubt that a Wholesome check will be given to the demoralizing evil.

Connected with this subject, the Legislature is referred to the communication made to the House of Representatives, on the 3d of March, 1834, from the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

The subject of banks claims the laborious and steady attention of the Legislature. Their influence, in their respective limits of their operations, is powerful for good or evil. Their business connexions with the people are of the most extensive character, and their liabilities to the public treasury, in the deposits of the public money, and the bonds of the officers, are of the most serious character. Upon the wise and well-timed action of the Legislature, the whole bond and treasure of the whole nation, in a great measure, depends. Their power to issue notes, drawn from the credit of the community, is a power of the most delicate character, and one which requires the most careful and watchful guardianship. It is, therefore, with confidence that I refer you to the various communications from the Banks, which have been made to the Executive, in pursuance of the requirements of the several acts of Assembly, and to the reports of the Auditor General and Secretary of the Commonwealth, based upon the same, for a full and correct view of their present condition. Upon the whole, I am pleased to state, that they have been conducted with a due regard to the principles of public policy. But was it well, our early days, ever dreamed of, that the Banks of the Union, or even of the State of Pennsylvania, would be the objects of legislative, hostile, and unfriendly support of the best interests of the whole country, and of the people in particular. But, if experience ever taught, the always profitable lesson of human wisdom, it is that of the present day. Banks which were not discovered to be monsters that are moved by the hand of the Almighty, to destroy the liberties of their country. It was not, until lately, doubted that the Banks of the United States were the true friends of the union, and the faithful depositaries of the public money

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, December 17, 1836.

Mr. Caleb Hunt is appointed agent for Atkinson's periodicals at Cleaveland, Ohio, in place of Dooley, deceased. Subscribers will please pay their subscriptions to Mr. Hunt.

Mr. Bailie will act as agent for the S. E. Post and Casket, at Charleston, S. C. in place of Robt. L. Baber, resigned.

The Governor's Message has taken possession of our columns. Poetical sentences, together with a variety of miscellaneous subjects.

The youth of the city of Camden, N. J. have associated together for the purpose of establishing a Juvenile Library: they have been in operation about a year, the usual variety of topics, the most interesting of which are, our relations with Mexico, the currency, the distribution of the public deposits, and the new bank charters. Starting in an annual receipts, the public lands, Banks, the causes of the present high prices of our staples, &c. &c.

In reference to the contest between Mexico and Texas, the message declares the course of our Government to have been one of strict neutrality; that, having shown that the recognition of a position by a portion of our Army, within the limits of the Mexican territory, has been cause of jealousy and dissatisfaction to the Mexican Government, its minister having abruptly left the United States when his protest against this measure, was not followed by the immediate withdrawal of our troops from the Neutral ground. The President intimates, however, that they may soon be withdrawn; and he deprecates the idea of an alliance of any kind with either of the belligerents, in any way, for the fact, that individual citizens of the United States, have seen fit to espouse the cause of either in the contest. He thinks the question, so far as the United States is concerned, one of momentous interest—that it is doubtful where her interest lies, and at all events, we must observe strict neutrality. Good advice.

A paragraph in the Message, seems intended to lay up the grounds of complaint, in case our borouring chances, and whom it would particularly excite against Banks, which it represents as their worst enemies. The Banks are accused as the cause of the present high prices of produce, and at the same time, as the cause of the scarcity of money.

The reasons at which the Message arrives, as to the effect of the high prices of our staples, viz—that it will prevent our exports, the market being higher at home than any where else—and not only so, but will invite competition from abroad in our own markets, thereby encouraging importation, is at least plausible, and true. But we differ with him as to the cause of these high prices, and it is curious that while it is charged on the excessive issues of the Banks, the scarcity of money is almost as much complained of, as the high prices of provisions, flour, &c. &c. That the cause, is more likely to be found in the causes which are independent of the Banks, we have no doubt of, viz—*the high price of provisions*, and a partial failure of the crops in Europe, as they, are, of our crops, which has produced a drain of specie from Europe to this country. The question is always the test of party strength, and in the Senate the friends of the principles of "State Rights" count their majority five, on every question of importance. We have had recent votes on the side of the General Government.

In the House, Lewis Dewart Esq., of Northumberland, has been elected Speaker by a majority of 5—Lewis Dewart 69, Walter Oliver, (Anti-man) 13, John Parker, (Whig.) 9. The usual resolutions, to inform the Governor of the organization of the Legislature—pay the postage of members, and provide them with newspapers, were passed, and no others.

On Wednesday, the Electoral College of this State met, and having appointed a Chairman, Secretary, President, and Henry Buehler Esq. Clerk, proceeded to vote for President and Vice President; and Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson, each had 30 votes, the first for President and the latter for Vice President.

Mr. Dickey in the Senate, on leave given, reported a bill to repeal from the General School fund, that part which is "pro rata" to the city. Mr. Baker, a bill to incorporate the Laurel Hill Cemetery Company.

The House nominated its officers and printers. Several petitions were presented for Banks; one, at Williamsport, and one at Montrose.

Thursday, Mr. Aline of Dec. one of the most intelligent members of the House, introduced a set of resolutions, relative to the distribution of our share of the surplus revenue. They are in effect that the money shall be loaned by the State, at first due and redeemable. These resolutions have since been referred to the Committee of Ways & Means.

Francis B. Shunk Esq. was elected Clerk of the House. The vote stood for Shunk 71, Samuel Slaik 78. In the Senate, Lawrence L. Minor was re-elected Clerk. They stood, Minor 23, Henry Buehler 11. The minor officers were then duly elected in the Senate, and on Friday were elected in the House, and the following than the handling and transmission of these materials in conducting our immense trade and commerce.

We had intended noticing some other matters in the message, but our limits forbid. We do not think it is in point of importance, equal to some of the annual messages that have preceded it.

The Hieroglyphical Bible.—Our young friends will easily be able to master the hard word that forms the title of this book, when they learn that it contains 400 beautifully executed wood cuts, illustrative of some of the prettiest, and most admired scriptural passages. Instead of reading the alternate page they will find a selected hymn from the best writers of sacred poetry. If these two new and attractive features do not recommend the engraved binding, the delicate letter borders, the fine printing and paper, all of which are characteristic of the Christian Keepsake present. For sale at the store of H. Pyrkins.

Messrs. Key & Brother have on hand a little volume entitled Buchanan's Intellectual Arithmetic, which founds its pretensions to public favour, to the facility with which the young beginner is ed into the mysteries of figures. Mental Arithmetic, Any work which tends to simplify the difficulties in the acquirement of knowledge, should notice. Mental Arithmetic when accurate investigation has satisfied us, that this little volume possesses that recommendation. We perceive that the opinions of several eminent teachers are in accordance with our own on this subject.

Anthon's Cicero.—We cannot tell to which of our city publishers we are indebted for a beautiful edition of the above work. In regard to its contents, we may observe, that the communications furnished by the Rev. C. Anthon, are ingenious and well written, though, in some instances, not possessing high claims to originality—From this judgment, however, we must except the discourse on the Life and Writings of the Roman Orator, at the commencement of the volume, which exhibits throughout, the marks of judicious discrimination and research.

A well engraved portrait, embellishes the reading, and great effort have been made to secure the exact portrait of the text, by the exclusion of all typographical errors.

The Violet for 1837—Is the name of a beautiful little annual which has made its appearance somewhat early in the season for the present season since with the title. The prefixe contains a very unnecessary apology from the accomplished editress, Miss Leslie, for the number of articles that have been written in a very short circumstance that in the reader's opinion, will in some detract from its value.

The engravings compose the volume. Of these—Rowena, The Happy Trio, Emma and her Brothers, and Left Foot Forecast—may be denominated passable. The remainder, although executed from celebrated English Engravers, appended to them, merit a more particular consideration. It is unusual to find an American annual decorated with English plates, and we were puzzled to account for the circumstance. The probability is, and indeed a closer examination would seem to confirm this opinion, that we are loaded American Engravers. If so, the names of the English artists, should not have been appended to them. The proceeding is altogether unjustifiable, although it most likely has arisen from inadvertence on the part of Messrs. Carey & Hart, the publishers.

With regard to the contents, a glance at the list of contributors will speak more in their favour than any eulogium of ours. The names of Mrs. Sigourney, Hale, Gilman, and Embury, with a number of others of equal fame, will no doubt give the beautiful little volume a wide circulation among every class of readers. Not to mention enough as a delightful way are the typographical execution and the beautiful embossed binding. We wish Messrs. Carey & Hart, the success which their enterprising setlement will merit.

The Religious Character of Washington.—Harper & Brothers.—The design of this work will most assuredly secure it a welcome reception with every class, who would see the character of Washington, redressed from the only blemish, that ignorance and malice, were ever able to affix upon it. The object accomplished of disbelief, or at least indifference to the doctrines of Christianity, is here triumphantly confuted by his own declarations, and will say are the numerous letters and documents contained in this volume, to satisfy every unprejudiced mind on this point. The following extract from a letter to Bishop Carroll, in which he has induced the author to persevere, in his arduous attempt, but the consciousness of its success, is a theme which does honour to his labour. Many curious and interesting facts respecting the revolutionary struggle, are incidentally dispersed in the course of the investigation, and the serve to throw an additional light on that period, so replete with deep historical interest, to our countrymen. H. Perkins.

Thucydides, translated from the ancient Greek by Wm. Smith, D. D. in two volumes. Classical Library, Nos. 22 and 23, Publishing by Harper & Brother, New York. This is one of those standard works which ought to be in the library of every scholar, and introduced to the acquaintance of every lover of history. It embraces only a sketch of the life of the translator, and of the illustrious historian, whose works he so ably translates; but the celebrated language of the Peloponnesian war, can be desired. The style is a model for historians, and the reader and truth with which the author has described the events of which he was a most enviable and exalted character. An engraved portrait, from an antique bust, frontispieces the first volume.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, MONDAY, Dec. 12, 1836.

The Legislature of this State met on Tuesday last, and Gen. Joseph Lyon, of Luzerne, and S. Cunningham Esq., one of the "recreants," were elected Speakers of the Senate and House. It is easy to see that the wheat or corn he is engaged in the struggle between the parties in the former price, in order to pay for raising it—is with all the mechanical branches.

The effect of this state of the price of labour that creates, either the necessaries or luxuries of life, enhances in the same ratio the price of the thing created, be it the product of the farm, the manufactures, or whatever else. This labour, agreeably to Adam Smith, is therefore *the only* wealth of the Nation. The price of labour is well known, has within the last year, greatly increased. Many of the trades in the large towns have turned out for higher wages. Every article in our market has risen, and cannot be kept up in the same proportion, and at almost contemporary periods. It is useless to say this evil, if it is one, can only be corrected by introducing a specie currency. What could we have done for the last six months past, if there had been nothing but gold and silver in the country? The whole Nation would have become bankrupt!—But the Banks are all solvent; they pay specie for their notes when it is demanded, but there loses by the people from their failure; the argument of holding them responsible for the scarcity of money, and the present state of the markets, is futile. The failure of the Banks, their issues they have helped greatly to relieve the scarcity of money—one of the evils, that even now is felt severely. We have suffered from. This regular set-to these institutions, which have long been, and must long continue to be connected with the business and financial system, regard as most enormous, and at this time, in particular, most injudicious; and we only regret that one who proclaims such unsound and unsafe doctrines, should be entrusted with such an ensuance. But General Jackson was, and from

Victory's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE TREADMILL SONG.

The stars are rising in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And e'en amid the dazzling blaze
Its sinking we go.
From trade treat over our pallant hope,
And make the mills fly;
And only shouldn't wheels go round about
Like pigeons in the sky?
Wake up, wake up, my dark-haired man,
And set your mill agoin';
Across, treads, my gawky friend,
And shake your spirits loose;
What though you're awkward at the trade
There's time enough to learn,—
So lose none an ail, my lad,
And take another turn.
They've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We've nothing in the world to do,
But just to walk about;
For us it saves the middle man,
And pay to hear the tune,—
It's pleasant work to mumble round
Among one's honest friends.
Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He won't mind,
Or else a tall one by his nose,
And punch that little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear—
He's lost them both—don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
And poke him in the further eye,
That isn't in the patch.
Heh! I believe, there's the supper bell,
And so our work is done;—
It's pretty sport—suppose we take
A round or two for fun.
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now hear ye how I mean to have
A treadmill of my own.

Here is an epitaph on an infant of two months old, philosophical, to say the least of it. It concists of a couplet only:

"Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

Two men in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied that he was never whipped but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth. "I believe then (retorted the other) the truth was brought out of you for you have never spoken it since."

A gentleman having sent for a carpenter's servant to know if a mad or two in an hour, he did, after he had done, scratched his ears, and said, he hoped the gentleman would give him something to drink. "Why, (said he) I could drink," said the gentleman, "there's a pailful [saving for] and if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another."

Original Anecdote.—A person on whom the Commissioners had from its eastern edge, precipitated itself, entered, in a state of exhilaration, a tenpennce grocery, in a neighbouring town.—"Mr. ——," exclaimed he, "do you keep any thing—good to take here?" "Yes," replied the merchant, "we have some excellent cold water—the best thing in the world to drink." "Well, I know it," replied the inebriate, "there's—no one thing—that's done so much for me as that."

In a city well known to every body, if they can find out the name—a poetical genius was hauled up before a police magistrate for kissing a girl and locking a door, and the following is a correct report:

Magistrate. What's the charge?

Pris. Yes, your honor, so the people say.

Mag. Why, if you that kissed the girl and ran off the alarm?

Pris. Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm.

Mag. You rascal; did you come here to make chymes?

Pris. No, your honor, but it will happen so sometimes in the season.

Mag. Be off you scamp—get out of my sight.

Pris. Thank'e your honor, then I'll bid you good night.

The ladies seem not to be aware of the danger which often attends the use of many of the nostrums which are lauded for giving hair. A young lady, not long since, who had used the powder of the Lion Ornamentor for this purpose, was attacked with convulsions and delirium from which she did not recover for several days. Another young lady who used the "Persian wash" to dye her hair black, had the misfortune to have, not only her hair blackened in spots, but her skin also; she too was stretched with sorrow upon the bed of pain. Another case of a similar kind followed the use of the nitrate of silver for the purpose of coloring the hair.—*New York Sun.*

'In 1815, the French newspapers announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris in the following ingenious manner:—" March 9. The Anthropophagus has quitted the island. March 10.—The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan. March 11.—The tiger has arrived at Gap. March 12.—The monster slept at Grenoble. March 13.—The tyrant has passed through Lyons. March 14.—The usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have rallied, and are now surrounded him on all sides. March 18.—Bonaparte is still safe; he has made his escape, and has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers. March 19.—Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris. March 20.—Bonaparte will to-morrow enter our ramparts. March 21.—The Emperor is at Fontainbleau. March 22.—His imperial majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries, amid the joyful acclamations of his devoted subjects."

One of the Dover stager, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, who being informed by the coachman there were no private passengers, and only one in the basket, and was a sailor, the robber actually promised not to exercise his functions upon the honest tar when waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know of the robber in which line one of his pleasure resided, your money. You sha'n't have it, Jack, for I mean to spend it myself." "Then, (said he) your brains out. Hand your rye, blow away, boy, for I may as well be a dog as brains without money, drive on coachee."

John Wesley having to travel some distance in a stage coach, fell in with a pleasant companion, cheerful, well informed and clever. His conversation was sprightly and entertaining, but frequently interlarded with oaths. Wesley paid attention to take the next stage. Mr. Wesley took the other part, and after expressing the pain he somehow had enjoyed in his company, told him he was cheerful and clever, but that he swore a great deal. "I would take a pleasure in obliging you, says the officer, and I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request. Then, says Mr. Wesley, as we have to travel together for some time, I beg that if I should so far forget myself as to swear in your company, you will kindly remind me."

The officer immediately saw the motive and felt the force of the reproof, and ever after, as long as he and Mr. Wesley could have conveyed a reproof in such a manner.

Picture of the philosophy of poe-making from the celebrated Pickwick Papers:—

"O! sad and melancholy day," said Mr. Winkle, accompanying, as he arranged the cushions on the grass. "Worry good lucky, I say," said Mr. Wardle, "it's very hardly as much it, and is quite sure it isn't kittens; there were only two kittens, where's the odds—they're so like wat that the very poorest them never don't know the difference." "Don't they, then," said Mr. Pickwick, interposing with a look of interest. "Not they," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat. "I recollect a man who was a reg'lar clever chap, too—a uncommon clever chap—as ever you see in your life, only he would go and be a author, and he warn't long in making himself scarce, I can tell you. He'd a wife and children, and took to writing for a livin', and died of it, as many more has to my certain knowledge, and as many more will, I'm afeerd, if they don't mend their ways." "Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "I am very much grieved to hear it." "So am I, sir," replied Mr. Weller, turning his hat round in his hands, and looking into the crown, as if in search of some one who was not there, "so am I, for he were a uncommon good sort in his way—reg'lar clever chap—wrote wery pretty poetry—wery pretty indeed—but he couldn't make money on it, somehow or another, and so he died, and left a widder and six children to be took care on by his friends."

Original Anecdote.—A person on whom the Commissioners had from its eastern edge, precipitated itself, entered, in a state of exhilaration, a tenpennce grocery, in a neighbouring town.—"Mr. ——," exclaimed he, "do you keep any thing—good to take here?" "Yes," replied the merchant, "we have some excellent cold water—the best thing in the world to drink." "Well, I know it," replied the inebriate, "there's—no one thing—that's done so much for me as that."

HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

A fine Stag Caught.—A party of Tom Noddy's set were, started for the forests and fastnesses of Mount Tom, early in the morning, with a view of enjoying the pleasures of the chase, and the cool, fine morning. In a short time they struck upon the trail of an immense stag, and away went the whole family, and after a race, dodging into a belt of rocks, they came upon the monarch of the deer tribe, which was inserted into the crevices with his horns locked in such a manner as to render him in a very uncomfortable and dangerous position. It came forth with the speed of a rocket, and was adopted in the treasury of the Tom Noddy family with him, but the villainous dog carrying propensity, there has been but few of the party who have escaped by seizing his caudal appendage by the gullet. The hunter has got a number of the most associated attacks of the cur, when poor dumb animal could not in the least help it. The stag has worked like beaver till nearly night to dislodge him but in vain. The retreat proved impregnable.

Now if the simple shooting of a bear in the open field, or murdering one in the dark, through hog-trap, entitles the victor to a public donation, what would be the proper reward for a remarkable feat like this, when Isabel Reynard triumphantly brought down on the fast ground of the Tom Noddy's, a stag, which had been hunted all day by real him from his hold-fast, and after all?—*Tom Noddy's Journal.*

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The whole mountain was shaken and ice fell into the deep ravine which separated the *Dent du Midi* from the *Dent de Morcles*, into which the torrent of St. Barthelemy runs. Speedily there issued from this ravine a large body of water, which first flows to the valley of the Rhone, it it were, a mountain of ice and rock mixed with trees, the face of which there flowed vast masses of rock of all dimensions, some of them as much as twelve feet high. This mass, which, like a flood of lava, directed itself towards the Rhone, across the forest of pines which covered that part of the valley, drawing along with it every thing it met in its way. It was in this manner that it overthrew, and crushed like reeds.

On reaching the bank of the river, it precipitated itself into it, thus forming an expanse of mud which was fearful to behold. The fragments of rock collected in the river were also propelled into the Rhone, whose waters were compressed in the opposite bank, and forced to ascend their channel to a considerable distance. The great rock, composed of granite and limestone, became impracticable, and it was necessary to construct, by means of faggots, a new road on this elastic soil. By every days the communications between the high and low country were effected as before, and which was far from being stable, thrown across the valley by the commencement of the convulsion.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more delightful than the manner in which many a hunting with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris. March 18.—Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris. March 19.—Bonaparte will to-morrow enter our ramparts. March 21.—The Emperor is at Fontainbleau. March 22.—His imperial majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries, amid the joyful acclamations of his devoted subjects."

Defiance!—A Lyons paper of Sept. 16th says, "Several days have had effect from the excitement except some little remaining weaknesses—and that is all. We are no longer scared for the sufferings by the numerous marks or sympathy which have been lavished upon him, and he is in a fair way to receive more and collections in his favor, which will probably put him at his ease for the remainder of his days. A stranger, who came, taken from his own mouth, of his fascinating manners, and his conversation at the dinner meal, has been drawn up by Doctor Bonsenne, and made out a [illegible] which is sold for the benefit of Defiaval. The Lyons theatre gave a representation for his benefit, and the King himself sent 300 francs to the performers in his interest on the occasion. His Majesty also sent a present of 100 francs to the workmen among the engineers employed in his deliverance. A late Paris paper gives an account of a mob in drama upon the subject, which had been got up at one of the theatres there, in which the death of [illegible] was represented, and the poor man covered with mud and said is brought before the public. Paris critic condemns the piece, as being in very bad taste, but excuses it on the ground of the extreme interest felt by the public in all the marks that it was impossible not to be moved by such a spectacle. Indeed, the very first sight of the piece was enough to stop the tears which were every moment ready to flow. The overstanding all [illegible] the priest descending to the well was received with most unbounded applause. The actor who performed the part of [illegible], in the worthy cause of the [illegible] was encored [illegible] and [illegible] the only ones he had to pay for. Having arrived at the door, the lawyer inquired what was to pay? "A shilling, sir," replied the carrier, whilst having received the silver politely, he thanked the lawyer for the favor and has "whenever he wanted a similar service done, to call on Bill Grey." He said he had been expected, the rest of his days, as a sincere admirer of the measurement of all that is great and worth as many millions as he was town, had consolidated, and the great was his mortification of the refusal he had received that he never again sought for another person to do it, and that he would, if he could avoid it, if the whispering of pride were only silenced.

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SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

JACOB GRIGSBY.

Of crooked disciples, Jacob Grigsby was the most crooked. Jacob was a man of many likes in men's hosts, and none can tell in what direction will be the next. He was a man of considerable abstraction, one of that class who do not notice any thing that may be going on around them in their path, and would take the last lie, if it convinces that it was concentrated to that motif which was engaging his mind at the time. He first when the bell rings, and cannot get their last to their seats when they have been grappled with him, but the villainous one dancing proceeds, they there have been foul play. Jacob's wife separated by seizing his caudal appendage by the gullet. The hunter has got a number of the most associated attacks of the cur, when poor dumb animal could not in the least help it. The stag has worked like beaver till nearly night to dislodge him but in vain. The retreat proved impregnable.

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HOW TO RAISE A SUIT OF CLOTHES AND MONEY TO BOOT.

There are many ways often in this world to raise the wind, but the following is the latest invention we have yet seen recorded:

A dashing young gentleman had put up for the night at a tavern in Boston, where he appeared he loved as freely and drank as much wine as he could get. He was not to be long in the house before getting weary at length of such unprofitable custom, set upon how one might so sharp, that he actually involved himself in his cash, wardrobe and pocket-money—the only ones he had—to pay his bill.

"What am I to do?" said he to himself, "I must, I must; but I give you clearly to understand, I won't lie in the stable."

Earned.

GIVING A TIGER A PINCH OF SNUFF.

Dr. Dunlop, while in the East Indies, conceived a fancy to play off a blunder by giving a tiger snuff. The doctor having crossed the river Ganges, in a ferry boat, with a large quantity of snuff, observed a tiger at some distance. He immediately resolved to make use of this to use their ears as weapons of defence. They formed into a close column, with their backs presented to the enemy, and instantly shook their tents of the bladder into a piece of canvas, and the tiger flew to fill it because as fast as could. The tiger continued winding, and occasionally with his paw to his nose, and would not have left the vasts of the party, the doctor discharged about a pound of snuff, which had well, for the royal tiger commenced sneezing, and springing into the Ganges, fled to the opposite shore. For this achievement the doctor received two hundred rupees, a silver snuff-box, and the title of Tiger from a native Prince.

Laughter should not be restrained on ordinary occasions, but if one wishes to do so, he can by sucking in his cheeks.—Dean Swift made the discovery, and was never seen to smile in company afterwards. It is hardly necessary to say he was dyspeptic.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Village Record.

Mr. Ensor,—A few days since were in Philadelphia, and called on Messrs. Wm. Parry, Thomas & Jackson, 21, Strangers Alley, a firm who have been engaged for the last half of the season in the spirited manner they have, and with the knowledge they possess, it must succeed. One of the partners has been engaged in manufacturing silk for eighteen years, and is the only person in the United States who has ever established in England. The articles manufactured by them will be found highly prized, from American silk, in texture and delicacy of coloring to surpass any that has ever been seen. Their looms for weaving silk are suitable for but one person to work in operation, but they have an early prospect of having them performed on that from experiments made by him, his thinnest silk thread is still in a state of silk, its accuracy to have a reel of the improved kind, which can be purchased for eight dollars and may be made by any ingenious mechanic who is accustomed to work in wood. Hence, it is evident that every industrious family in the State should be united by the farmer who raises the cocoon, and the manufacturer who converts them into useful articles. Every family in the province, the bulk of cocoons is so great, and the profit so large, that every farmer's wife and daughter may be employed in the manufacture of their own cocoons are ready for market, they are to be sold at from 75 cents to $1.

It requires but a short time to understand the process of reeling, and the several girls have had workmen in a very little while. Those gentlemen have in their employment girls who have been in the business for three years, but they have not been employed in the whole process of reeling, spinning and weaving. For the last two years they have raised a sum sufficient for board and clothes, and the last year they are fully paid for their time. Thus, will they be enabled to go into different regions? It comes home to the poor and plain of every lover of his country. Where would be the patriotism without the poor?—where virtue, where valor, where spirit, where the independence of a country? Where sense? The soul of honor cannot be sustained without the help of industry. The poor would burn dim without sparerib. The very face of fashion would grow rough without brushes to beautify its smoothness.

But although the prospects of the race have been as gloomy as its political horizon, and as starvy and unconquerable civilization, stalked by the Promised, have been found in the pens. The spirit of the Pilgrim's pigs still animated their descendants. Beneath the stormy clouds the committee have heard no swine music, they have seen none elevating their spirits by degrading other spirits. They have not smoke long since or close pig-tial. There has been no pig-tial exhibited in the streets of Providence. The only hour of the festival was the hour of worship, when the pigs met instead of a pocket handkerchief, as if in tears; but if it was ascertained that he was only breaking a way to the rain drops. Such firmness in wet and tribulation deserves the wish that it may be rewarded by the hand, and by many a long summer day and the luxury of mast, with the sail green cattle beneath, and the bright pine sky above.

The committee have also taken pleasure in observing the [illegible] of the Sunday Evening Herald, Philadelphia, to the Publisher.

Life Insurance.

THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE, Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

CAPITAL $300,000.

CHARLES TOWNSEND, President.
Office, 152 Chesnut street.

Effect Insurances on Lives, grant Annuities and Endowments, and receive Deposits on interest, with the privilege of withdrawing the principal at pleasure.

Extract of a letter from a Member of Congress who resided in the vicinity of the Insurance Company, to the President of the Girard Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, dated Washington, Dec. 1, 1842.

"I consider the Girard Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, as a most desirable institution, with reference to your building, as it is conducted by gentlemen of the highest character for honor and integrity, and I have no hesitation in saying that I would, for confidence in their management, prefer it to any other Company in the United States."

EXHIBIT OF THE

Manual Labour Bank,

OF THE

South-East Saving Fund,

SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF SECOND AND RACE ST. ENTRANCE ON SECOND ST.

Opened on Tuesday afternoon, and on Saturday evening, and continued open through the day for the following

CERTIFICATE.

On the 11th day of May, 1842, the Commissioners of the Manual Labour Bank, met at the Mayor's Office, in Darby Town, on Free Hundred Thousand Dollars, as directed by the Act of Assembly, passed the 11th day of March, 1842, entitled "An Act to incorporate the Manual Labour Bank."

Copy from the Endorsement on the Bond.

Received of the Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania, Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, in Certificates of Stock, as within mentioned.

JAMES M'MURTRIE, M. D.
Commissioner.

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The Commissioners appointed by the Act of Assembly for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Manual Labour Bank, met at the Mayor's Office, in Darby Town, on Monday, the 16th day of May, 1842, and opened books for subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Manual Labour Bank, and continued open the same from day to day, until Saturday, the 21st day of May, 1842, when the Commissioners met and ascertained that the whole number of shares had been subscribed, and that the Capital Stock of the Manual Labour Bank is one of DEPOSITES and DISCOUNTS